The Rut

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The Rut

by TCbook

Summary

Will is not answering his phone... What is happening?
Bev saves the day

Notes

Hello, I suggest you red the heat chapter first?
Still can be read by itself.
I hope you like it!

Thanks to my amazing beta @obfuscatedheart

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Гон by Krayn_Aletale

Will was not answering his calls.

It had been around a month since Hannibal's heat, his first heat after years dry and the first one with an alpha like Will, unpredictable. They had started dating, even if they had been courting without noticing it since they met in Jack's office, ever since a whiff of Will's scent put Hannibal's body back on track.

Their courting was special, small knowing touches, little details that would change the other's day, dinner sometimes, but mostly obtaining nourishment by the mere sight of the other. Through the conversations they had, by the debate and exchange of ideas during their work hours, through a kiss after saying good night after another busy day, after a stumbled beginning they found themselves taking it slowly.

They had kept their relationship strictly private since Hannibal's heat, keeping it inside their houses, something that happened behind closed doors, hidden touches when no one was around. Something that was theirs alone that even after mating for the first time they decided to get to know each other.

But that day Will was not answering Hannibal’s calls.

Hannibal had arrived that morning to the BAU, the usual chit-chat happening between the lab technicians and investigators, but someone was missing.

“I see Mr Graham is running late.” He murmured to the room, his hand fetching his phone to see if he had missed a text from Will, again, like he had been doing all morning.

“Will is not joining us today.” Jack had answered from his desk.

“Today we are all yours Dr Lecter.” Jimmy chirped from behind.

“How come? Will is essential for this investigation, was he sent somewhere for research?”

“Will is busy, that's why you are here Dr Lecter, your insights are as precious as Will's for this case.” Jack said, Hannibal's attention trailing off with the pieces of information he had on hand before making himself busy with the case files Jack passed him while he sent a text.

Is everything alright?

No response came even after a couple of minutes, Will always answered immediately if he was not driving.

“Don't worry Dr Lecter, your favorite is coming back sooner rather than later.” Beverly winked across the room, the smart alpha was a close friend of Will’s.

“I'm just concerned for his well being, I didn't notice anything wrong during our latest meetings.”

Hannibal tried to work, some photos of the awful display of corpses his imposter was leaving for the FBI, someone that dared to say was the chesapeake ripper. Hannibal pocketed his phone and started looking through the files again, his mind trying to explain why Will would avoid him like that.

“It's nothing to do with you, or maybe well it is but not in a bad way.” Beverley said over coffee after they were left alone in the BAU lounge.

“Ms Katz?”

“Look, Will is a good guy and a good alpha, but sometimes he's just a moron. He told me he wasn't feeling so well, I think you should check on him.” She said arching an eyebrow.

“He's not answering.” He said looking at the pattern of his own pants thinking on what it could be.

“Will that stop you?”

“Thank you Beverly.”

Hannibal took his jacket and belongings while striding out the BAU, the Bentley still warm from his ride from home.

Almost an hour and a half later he was parking outside Will’s house, he took the spare key from door frame and pushed it open. The scent coming from the enclosed territory of the alpha charged with hormones and wrath, blood and sweat clogging the air, something primal was breathing alive inside the wooden walls and with the first deep breath Hannibal could feel the reality washing over him, Will was in rut.

After a step inside Hannibal was startled by a growl, crouching over a pile of blankets and pillows surrounded by manila folders and scattered files was Will, sweat making him shine, making his undershirt and boxers stick to him like another layer of skin.

“What are you doing here?” Will growled, while Hannibal closed the door behind him. The click of the lock making Will show his teeth, brownish red tinted with something that smelled like blood.

“Someone told me you were feeling unwell, I had to come to check on you, I was concerned.” Hannibal said looking around them, his latest victim showing in the file photos, pieces of meat resting on dishes over the table, an offering of prey.

“*Go away Hannibal*.” Will snarled, the sweet and careful alpha Hannibal knew was being eclipsed by the beast that breathed under Will’s skin. The beast he had only seen through glimpses that made Hannibal shiver.

“Will, let me check you, you are…” Hannibal said softly his tone getting sweet and smooth for the alpha to relax in his presence inside his den.

“Please leave!” Will’s voice broke, like a plate being thrown to the floor with ire, Hannibal could see him shake, sweat rolling down his temples, bloodshot eyes.

Hannibal felt a cold pump of his heart fill his veins at the words, a reaction from his body to the rejection from his alpha.

“Will I want to help you, please, let me-” Hannibal tried to soothe him, a small purr forming in his throat.

“It’s my rut, after twenty years *you* triggered my rut!” Will snarled, fangs bared, hands scratching the files at his feet and rumpling the gruesome photos of Hannibal’s last tableau; an alpha and an omega holding their hearts out their ribs, like forbidden fruit, a gift of devotion. “I could see you in the scene, and I saw you over and over, I can see your hands touching them with care, I could smell your scent by just seeing the pictures, I saw the files of the latest scenes, I felt anger, I felt the wrath burning me, and I-I killed him, I killed the one that was trying to be you, he came here and I killed him.” Will slowly trailed off biting his lips, he stood up, looking at Hannibal who shed his jacket and took his tie off, showing his neck, he could scent Will’s arousal, the spike of it when he talked about the scene, the change of it at the sight of his scent glands.

“I don’t want to be just a monster, I don’t want to be just this for you! I don’t want to!” Will murmured his voice nothing more than a gruff sound from his throat, step-by-step closing the space between them until they were standing mere feet apart eyes trained on Hannibal’s hands shaking with the flow of hormones drowning his veins.

“You are not, and that makes you different from the ones you catch, Will, those are the real monsters.” Hannibal saw Will smile and brush his hand over his face with force, trying to erase his expression at the confession.

“You are not a monster.” Will rasped.

Hannibal felt his slick starting to dampen his pants, his vision blurring with the internal need of soothing his alpha, to offer his body for him to take, their breaths were starting to sync, the air practically still between them.

Hannibal saw Will pounce, one big leap that had Hannibal with his back pressed against the door, Will's nose crushing along his jugular and then his carotid. The arteries warming the scent glands in Hannibal's neck, he felt Will take deep breaths, his tongue poking out to taste the sweat starting to gather there.

"Mate, you are my mate." Will growled against his skin.

"Yes Will yess." Hannibal whined baring his neck further, letting his knees spread to let the alpha rut and rub his body against his, even with the layers between them they could feel the pressure of the other's arousal.

Even in the most turbulent times Hannibal could inspire tenderness in the beast, making Will purr with delight before taking Hannibal by the shirt and tugging him closer, a hungry kiss making them gasp, the alpha clawing at Hannibal's clothes quickly, his body both hard and soft for the omega pressed against the door.

"Alpha I want you alpha." Hannibal growled back at Will, his hands getting lost in the untamed sweaty curls of the alpha.

Will could only moan and growl, his speech suddenly lost after feeling completely accepted by Hannibal, with his bloody hands, with his bared teeth, with all the violence the alpha showed to protect the honor of his mate. Hannibal felt pride for his alpha consume him whole, the blood of his victim still painting the underneath of his nails that tore his clothes until he was almost completely bare.

Hannibal could feel Will's cock press against his bare thigh, could feel how his hands squeezed and pressed into soft points of his body to provoke more sounds, more slick, more purrs from him. Hannibal obliged with a high pitched moan when Will pressed his fingers over his hole, his body eager to be filled. Will lowered his underwear, cock sticking to Hannibal's skin, pressing between his legs while his mouth covered Hannibal's, while the alpha licked Hannibal's teeth and tongue.

Will turned him around, face against the door and pushed into without wasting time, the door banging against the frame while Will rammed against him hard enough to lift him to the point

of his feet. Will held him with one hand on his hip the other across his chest, lips pressing bruising kisses to the muscles of his back still covered by his torn shirt.

“Alpha.” Hannibal called breathing against the wood, crowded by the smooth hard body of Will. Hannibal felt completely surrounded by the scent of his alpha, by the smell of their arousals, by the sounds of miles of no one around but them, mating.

“I won’t let them touch you.” Will murmured against his skin, lips tasting his nape.

“Alpha.” Hannibal whined.

“I won’t let anyone lay a hand over you.” Will said punctuating every word with a thrust.

“Will” Hannibal couldn’t hear himself.

“You are mine Hannibal.” Will licked up his jaw and behind his ear before trapping the skin over his scent gland between his teeth, worrying the skin there half covered with the collar of Hannibal’s shirt.

Hannibal felt Will thrusting up faster, harder, his knot already forming at the base of his cock making Hannibal’s slick drip over the hardwood under them.

“Knot, I need your knot, alpha.” Hannibal breathed, his rationality slipping from him with every bang of the door until the last strand was gone with Will’s knot pressing big and engorged against his rim, still small enough to go in and out with Will’s powerful thrust until it went in and caught with Hannibal’s muscle, tying them together.

The pressure on Hannibal’s prostate with the last thrusts ripped his orgasm out of him, eyes welling with tears of completion, his insides overflown with the silky warm feeling of Will’s cum. Will growled and bit over his neck tearing a chunk of his shirt, hips grinding against Hannibal to fill him completely.

“My mate, my beautiful mate, my Hannibal.” Will repeated over and over, nuzzling the patch of skin he uncovered with his teeth.

“Yes, yes my love, my alpha.” Hannibal breathed, his own seed sliding down the door after he came, Will breathed hard resting against him, one of his hands slapping against the soiled wood of the door to loudly lick at his fingers.

“Mine, my omega.” Will growled after tasting Hannibal’s seed and coming once again inside him.

Will held Hannibal and maneuvered them across the living room to the bed Will had turned into a nest of files and folders.

Will’s rut lasted two days at its peak of feverish haze, where Hannibal was manhandled and fucked over every surface that the need in Will’s insides demanded. Having little to no time to eat, only just enough time to drink. After those two days Will went back to an almost normal state, overprotective and hot for his mate who eagerly lured the alpha to his body, a little more vocal, a little more present with each hour until they laid over the other, bodies sticky with cum and slick, throats raw after growling and screaming their passion.

“What do you do with them?” Will asked, his lips tracing the little paths Hannibal’s chest hair made with their sweat.

“With what.”

“The parts you take, your trophies against the real evil.”

“I cook them.” Hannibal answered truthfully, a small sigh following his confession.

“We ate them.” Will lifted his brows, it wasn’t a question a little smile tugging his lips while he shook his head.

“A couple of times.” Hannibal rumbled, his body lax and warm under Will.

“Thank you, it was delicious.” Will purred, stealing a kiss.

“And who is waiting for us in your fridge?”

“Your imitator, a doctor too, His file is somewhere here, he killed his alpha, and his own children, he didn’t deserve a second chance.”

Hannibal felt his heart beat three times faster, his glands warming up his scent telling how utterly happy he was that his alpha was Will.

End Notes

Hey my a/b/o peeps thank you for sticking with me and this lovely series

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